2. *Soul.* But the King hath a heauy reckoning to make,
If his cauſe be not good; when all thoſe ſoules
Whoſe bodies ſhall be ſlaughtered here,
Shall ioyne together at the latter day,
And ſay I dyed at ſuch a place. Some ſwearing;
Some their wiues rawly left;
Some leauing their children poore behinde them.
Now if his cauſe be bad,
I thinke it will be a greeuous matter to him.
King. Why ſo you may ſay, if a man ſend his ſeruant
As Factor into another Country,
And he by any meanes miſcarry,
You may ſay the buſineſſe of the Maſter
Was the author of his ſeruants miſ-fortune.
Or if a ſonne be imployd by his father,
And he fall into any leud action, you may ſay the father
Was the author of his ſonnes damnation.
But the maſter is not to anſwer for his ſeruant,
The father for his ſonne, nor the king for his ſubiects;
For they purpoſe not their deaths,
When they craue their ſeruices;
Some there are that haue the gift
Of premeditated murder on them:
Others the broken ſeale of Forgery, in beguiling maidens
Now if theſe out-ſtrip the law,
Yet they cannot eſcape Gods puniſhment.
War is Gods Beadle. War is Gods vengeance:
Euery mans ſeruice is the Kings:
But euery mans ſoule is his owne.
Therefore I would haue euery ſouldier examine himſelfe,
And waſh euery moth out of his conſcience,
That in ſo doing, he may be the readier for death;
Or not dying, why the time was well ſpent,
Wherein ſuch preparation was made.
3. *Soul.* Ifaith he ſaies true,
Euery mans fault is on his owne head,

I would not haue the king anſwer for me,
Yet I intend to fight luſtily for him.
King. Well, I heard the king wold not be ranſomd.
2. *Soul.* I he ſaid ſo, to make vs fight;
But when our throats be cut, he may be ranſomd,
And we neuer the wiſer.
King. If I liue to ſee that, ile neuer truſt his word again
2. *Soul.* Maſſe you'l pay him then,
Tis a great diſpleaſure that an elder
Gun can do againſt a Cannon,
Or a ſubiect againſt a Monarch.
You'l nere take his word againe, you are a naſſe, goe.
King. Your reproofe is ſomewhat too bitter;
Were it not at this time I could be angry.
2. *Soul.* Why let it be a quarrell if thou wilt.
King. How ſhall I know thee?
2. *Soul.* Here's my gloue, which if euer I ſee in thy hat
Ile challenge thee, and ſtrike thee.
King. Here is likewiſe another of mine,
And aſſure thee ile weare it.
2. *Soul.* Thou dar'ſt as well be hangd.
3. *Soul.* Be friends you fooles,
We haue French quarrels enow in hand,
We haue no need of Engliſh broyles.
King. Tis no treaſon to cut French Crownes,
For to morrow the King himſelfe will be a clipper.
Exit the ſouldiers.

Enter to the King, Glocester, Epingham, and Attendants.

King. O God of battels ſteele my ſouldiers harts,
Take from them now the ſence of reckoning,
That the appoſed multitudes which ſtand before them,
May not appale their courage.
O not too day, not too day O God,